

This Is Mercury's Month.

THIS is Mercury's month on the stage as evening star. The little planet comes out from behind the sun today. However, there is no use in looking for it until the latter part of the month, when it will be well out of the solar glare, glittering like a gem in the cold sunset sky.

The "Zepp's" Passenger

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL

Modern Version of Cinderella Revealed When Hat Dropped From Zeppelin Fits Sir Henry.

"If you'll just look inside the line, sir," Sinclair suggested. Sir Henry turned it up and whistled softly. "By Jove, it's a German hat, all right!" he exclaimed. "Doesn't look a bad shape, either." He tried it on. There was a little peep of laughter from the men. Philippa had ceased her knitting and was watching from the couch. Sir Henry looked at himself in the looking-glass. "Well, that's funny," he observed. "I shouldn't have thought it would have been so much too small for me. Here, just try how you look in it, Mr. Lessingham," he added, handing it across to him. Lessingham accepted the situation quite coolly, and placed the hat carefully on his head. "It doesn't feel particularly comfortable," he remarked. "That may be," Sir Henry suggested. "Because you have it on wrong side foremost. If you'd just turn it round, I believe you would find it a very good fit." Lessingham at once obeyed. Sir Henry regarded him with admiration. "Excellent!" he exclaimed. "Look at that, Philippa. Might have been made for him, eh?" Lessingham looked at himself in the glass and removed the hat from his head with some casual observation. He was entirely at his ease. His host turned toward the door, which Mills was holding open. "Captain Griffiths, sir," the latter announced. Sir Henry greeted his visitor briefly. "How are you, Griffiths?" he said. "Glad to see you. Excuse my costume, but I am just back from a fishing expedition. We are all admiring Mr. Lessingham in his magic hat."

Weaning the Baby

By BRICE BELDEN, M. D.

THE weaning of a baby should be supervised by the physician. If weight is not properly gained, or if there are digestive disorders, the physician must adjust the constituents of the baby's food so as to correct the trouble. It is exceedingly risky for others to attempt to balance properly the fats, salts, protein, starches, and sugar which enter into the composition of a child's food. Five daily feedings at four-hour intervals should be given. Nothing is to be given at night. The five meals are to be reduced to three as soon as expedient, first by omitting the second meal, and later the fourth meal, so that by the time the baby is two years old he will be having breakfast, a heavy meal in the middle of the day, and a light meal at night. The appearance of the teeth means that something in addition to milk is needed by the child. The continuance of an all-liquid diet may spoil perfectly good teeth through lack of use and general development suffer as well. Broth is useful, provided it contains farinaceous food of some kind. Broth by itself is not advisable. The best vegetables to use during the second year are spinach, potatoes, carrots, and lettuce. Dried beans, peas, and lentils are valuable. The fruits which should be given are apples, oranges, and cooked bananas. The water in which vegetables are boiled should itself be boiled down and added again to the vegetables when they are strained, as this water contains valuable salts. Dry toast, Zwieback, crackers, and Graham wafers are all useful additions to the diet. After the second year egg, minced meat, cabbage, cauliflower, parsnips, turnips, asparagus, bread, and rolls may be given.

Fee Saved.

Dr. Abernethy, the well-known Scottish surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his house in Edinburgh and showed a hand badly inflamed and swollen, and the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place: "Burn!" "Bruise!" "Poultice!" The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows: "Burn!" "Bruise!" "Poultice!" "More poultices!" Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred: "Burn!" "Bruise!" "Poultice!" "More poultices!" "Nothing," exclaimed the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met!"

"Aisy Indade!"

A sewerman returned home one distressingly hot day thoroughly exhausted, to find his better-half also tired out after spending the greater part of the day at the wash. At the time he entered however, she was seated, fanning herself vigorously. "Ain't you got no supper?" he asked somewhat angrily. "Supper, is it?" she asked. "Go on with you! Me all tired out from a hard day's wurk in the hate, an' you come home an' ask for yer supper! Aisy indade for you all day down in a nice cool sewer!"

Another Chapter of the New Van de Water Serial Here To-day



Magazine Page



American Women as War Workers

Miss Pauline Goldmark, of New York, who has been appointed manager of the Women's Service Section of the Government Railroad Administration in Washington.



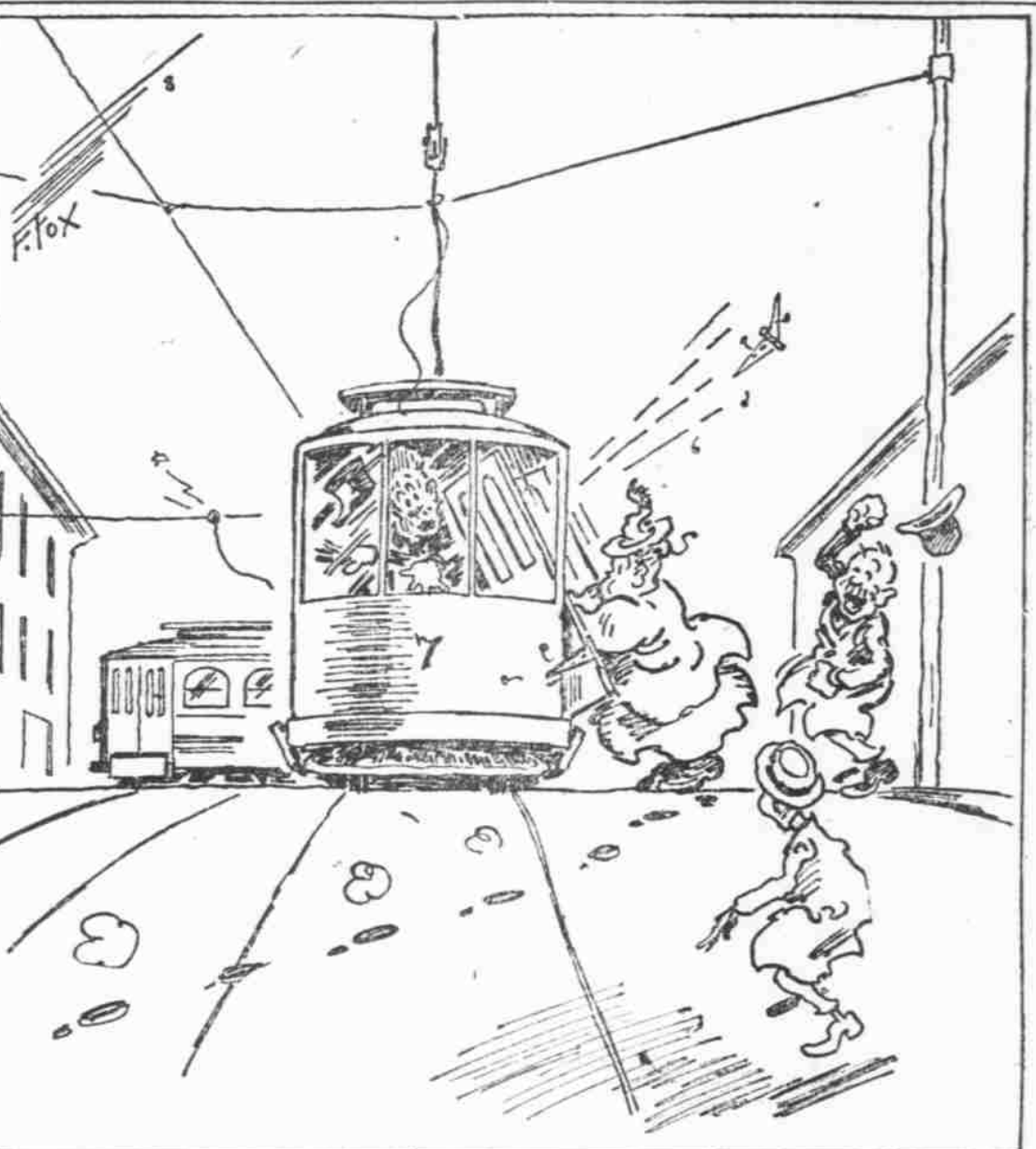
Photos by International.
The Daughters of Postmaster-General Burleson, Sidney and Lucy, now Mrs. Edward Grimes, Both in the Naval Reserve.

Chief Yeowoman Catherine J. Webster, who sacrificed a lucrative position to work for Uncle Sam. She has under her jurisdiction fourteen employees.



The Powerful Katrinka Didn't Pay Much Attention to the Man-trap Street Car Doors.

By FONTAINE FOX.



coveries, then," she inquired dubiously. "I have made the greatest discovery in the world." Her eyebrows were gently raised, the corners of her mouth quivered, her eyes fell. "Dear me! In this quiet spot!" she sighed.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Is This Father Justified?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am deeply in love with a young lady who, I am sure, returns my feelings. She is sorely needed at home and could not leave her father and two younger brothers, for whom she keeps house. Her father, although she has told him that she would leave him if he could not both live with the family, has begged her not to marry. He will not consent to her living in his home, and could not manage without her help. He has always treated me well and says that I would be the only one whom, if he were so disposed, he would bestow his daughter to marry. Conditions have been like this two years.

A Dangerous Temptation.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Recently I became acquainted with a very wealthy old gentleman. He is about sixty, and I am only eighteen. This man is continually telling me how much he loves me, much against my protestations. I have never gone anywhere with him. I am considered beautiful, and he is always telling me so. But he has a wife and two daughters older than myself. I know the whole thing is absurd. He has begged me to go to a show with him and to supper afterward, and I am thinking very seriously of going to please him, because it seems impossible to escape him. This is a terrible temptation, and I am doing everything in my power to withstand it. But it is very hard, because I am living alone and have nothing to stop me. M. B. You seem to understand thoroughly the dangerous situation you are in, so that what you need is not so much advice as firmness to resist this elderly man's invitations. Summon all your resistance for a definite and permanent No. This man has no right to ask you to go out alone with him. Tell him no, and remain dead to anything further he may say.

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death of John Milton in 1641. The famous blind poet, who composed the wonderful "Paradise Lost" after his sight was gone, stands high not only as one of the greatest authors of all time, but as a patriot and a man who fought for freedom.

The Heart Breaker

A REAL AMERICAN LOVE STORY

Mildred Speculates on Arthur's Feelings Toward Her to the Annoyance of Her Sister.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.
(Copyright, 1918 Star Co.)
CHAPTER V.

IN silence the two sisters went softly upstairs. The door of Mrs. Higgins' room was open, and she called out a sleepy good-night to them. When Honora had switched on the light in the large room which she and Mildred shared, the younger girl spoke. "You are very quiet, Honora. What's the matter?" "Nothing," the older girl tried to speak naturally. "I thought perhaps you had overheard what Arthur said to me as he told me good night. Mildred was so kind and very mysterious, didn't it? I don't really know myself what it's all about—but he asked me earlier in the evening to let him know when I would be going tomorrow night. He wants to call if I am to be at home." "I see," was the brief comment elicited by this bit of information. "What are we going to be doing anyway?" Mildred questioned. "Let me think," Honora evaded, as if trying to remember some engagement. "Sunday night—don't let it!" While she spoke she was having a little inward struggle with her suspicions and inclinations. If she said she had no plans and expected to remain at home, she might share with her sister the pleasure of Arthur Bruce's company. If not, the man would have an hour or two alone with Mildred—which was probably what he wanted. Her better impulses conquered. "I think," she said, "that I will go with Mrs. Higgins to hear that Englishman who is preaching at Agatha's church tomorrow night. I know Mrs. Higgins wants to hear him, and she likes to go out alone so often that I like to go with her, when I can." "All right," Mildred rejoined. There certainly was no shadow of disappointment in her clear eyes. "You certainly are good, my dear, to be so willing to trot around with Mrs. Higgins. She is as good as a mother to me, but things she likes bore me." "I won't be bored," Honora affirmed. "And you won't be bored either tomorrow night. Only if you have Arthur here with you." Mildred shrugged her shoulders.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

WELL, let us see where we are in the last story. Oh, now I remember. He was back once more at the castle of his Lord of Carabas. Puss in Boots, was Major Domo. You remember that the Ark had come up to the window of Puss Junior's room and he had stepped out and into bed, hardly knowing what he was doing, for it was late at night and I guess he was pretty sleepy. Well, when he woke up the next morning he was surprised as he could be. And when he jumped out of bed and ran over to the window to look out, he saw his old father sitting in the garden. So Puss quickly pulled on his red top boots and ran down to see him. And, oh, my! How he was startled! And then Puss sat down and told him all about his adventures, and after that they both went inside the castle to see my Lord and Lady Carabas. Well, as the days went by little Puss took walks with his father through the country and the woods, and one day as they both sat down to rest, they heard a tiny voice say: "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, oh, tell me where you would like to go." Over the hills and far away. Down to the ocean white with spray. Or go with me to a little house where lives a pretty tiny white mouse?" "Who are you?" asked Puss, for he couldn't see anybody, and neither could his father, but that wasn't so strange, for he was pretty old, you know. "I'm the swallow who lives in the royal stables," and then down from a tree flew a little swallow. "Oh, yes, I know you," said Puss Junior's father. "I have seen you many times. But where is the little mouse house you speak of?" "Follow me," said the swallow, and pretty soon they came to a funny little house at the foot of a big oak. "There she lives," chirped the swallow. So Puss and his father walked up and knocked on the front door, and pretty soon a little mouse looked out of one of the upper windows. "There was a very tiny little creature and never opened her front door without first looking out of the window," she cried. "There are two cats knocking on my front door" and then she slammed down the window and hid behind the old grandfather clock in the corner of the room. "Dickory, dickory, dock. I'm hiding behind the clock. So please go away, for I'm sorry to say I haven't put on my new frock."

The Irish Touch.

Pat Maguire had been misbehaving, and was brought before his commanding officer, charged for the third time with drunkenness. Pat was on one of the cases with all the eloquence at his command, but the colonel was unmoved. "Eight days in the guard room," he said sternly. But as he wrote the "8" on the defendant's chest the pen spluttered. Pat noticed this and leaned forward. "Thry if I'll make a '3' anny asier, sorr?" he suggested in a persuasive whisper.

According to the Title.

A well-known artist tells of an amusing gallery which took place in an art gallery between two young women about a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost." One of the young women was carried away by her enthusiasm. "How beautiful! How wonderful! What art!" she exclaimed. "Above all, how beautiful! Then, after a pause, 'But what are those people doing?' Drawing nearer to read the title, she was enlightened. 'Oh, now I see! Gleaned millet! How wonderful! How beautiful!'

Strange.

A professor who was noted for his absent-mindedness returned home one night from a scientific meeting, still pondering the subject of his lecture. He had reached his room when he heard a noise behind the door, and he went under the bed, "Is anyone there?" he asked. "No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew the professor's peculiarities. "That's strange. I was positive some one was under my bed!" commented the learned man.